

# THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR

---

VOL. I.

MARCH 26, 1814.

No. X.

---

COMMUNICATED FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

## A SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF MRS. ANN HART.

It is both pleasing and profitable to exhibit the character, record the actions, and contemplate the worth of persons eminent for piety and virtue. This observation applies with force to the late Mrs. ANN HART, relict of the Rev. Oliver Hart, A. M. who was for many years the highly respected, beloved, and useful Pastor of the Baptist Church in Charleston.

This amiable and venerable lady closed her eyes in death on the 5th day of last October, on the Island of Wadmalaw, in the 73d year of her age. She was a native of South-Carolina, and born at the Euhaw, on the 4th of January, 1741. Her pious father, Mr. William Sealy, dying when she was under seven years of age, the care of her education and support devolved solely on her equally pious mother, who did not fail to instil into her young mind, as far as human agency could effect it, the principles of virtue and religion. But though she gave in early life, a respectful assent to the truths of religion, and was not wholly destitute of those convictions of their importance, which the light of truth produces in the candid mind, it was not until she had been for some years in the married state, that religion obtained the complete ascendancy in her heart, and brought her under its governing influence.

While young, she was gay, and fond of the life of sense; but, restrained within the bounds of decency and honor; preserving a propriety of conduct, and amiableness of disposition. In the 16th year of her age, she was married to Mr. Charles Grimball, a merchant of Charleston; a man of respectability and worth. They were united by a sincere, mutual affection; and, as they had united joys in the

possession of Providential blessings, and (in some of the last years of their union) in the superior blessings of religion, so they mingled their sorrows in suffering affliction, particularly in the loss of children. Of six children born to them during the 13 years of their conjugal union, they buried four sons; all taken away in the state of childhood, when the tender affections of parents dwell with the greatest fondness on the endearing natural endowments of their offspring: And the mother's sorrows did not end here—for the two which survived the father, were numbered among the dead many years before the death of their maternal parent: Mr. Charles Isaac Grimbball, in 1793; and Mrs. Sarah Clark, in 1796.

This pious lady first became a widow in 1770; the same year on which she had previously made a solemn profession of religion.

In 1774, she was married to the Rev. Mr. Hart.—She now entered on a more public and extended sphere of action than that in which she had before moved. She had already exemplified, in an amiable and respectable circle of relations and friends, the character of a tender, affectionate relative, a faithful friend, and a pious christian. She now not only became more extensively known, but was laid under greater obligations to exhibit the excellencies of the Christian character for the benefit of others as an example; to cut off the occasions of censure and reproach, and to contribute to the furtherance of the Gospel, by performing the duties which devolved on her, as the wife of an eminent, highly respected, useful minister of Christ. That she performed her part well is evident; the tongue of slander itself having found nothing with which to censure her. But we rest not the excellency of her character and conduct on negative proof. The evidence was positive and abundant. From some memoirs written by herself, it appears that her serious concern respecting her duty to God, and her own eternal interests, began a few years after her marriage to Mr. Grimbball, while sitting partly under the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Hart, and partly under that of the Rev. Mr. Francis Pelot, at the Euhaw; the residence of the family having been changed in the course of a few years from Charleston to the Euhaw, and from the Euhaw to



Charleston again. It was at the Euhaw that she began to experience the affliction before mentioned—the loss of children; to which was added an affliction in her own person, a disease, which, for nearly two years, threatened her life. These afflictions appear to have been sanctified to her, and to have corroborated efficaciously what she heard from the pulpit, of the vanity of human life; the uncertainty of time's enjoyments; human guilt and depravity; man's need of a Saviour; and the importance of renewing, sanctifying grace. She came thus to know feelingly, that she was a sinner; and to see the vast importance of being a real Christian. Persons of piety were now precious in her esteem; and she was earnestly desirous of hearing them declare their sentiments, and relate their experiences in the Divine life: but she feared enquiries from them respecting the state and exercises of her own mind, as she discovered nothing in herself but what alarmed and gave her pain, being ordinarily under a discouraging sense of her guilt, depravity, and wretchedness as a sinner. This rose to so great a height, that, for some time, she was afraid to attend public worship, to read the scriptures, or attempt to pray: fearing that she would thereby enhance her guilt, through her unholy manner of performing religious services. At other times, she would receive encouragement from the all-sufficiency of the Saviour's merit, and from the riches and freeness of Divine grace. While she felt deep concern for the salvation of her own soul, and an ardent desire to be made a partaker of grace, and its inestimable blessings; she also experienced the most tender solicitude for the salvation of her husband. It was, therefore, matter of unspeakable satisfaction to her to discover in him, eventually, the evidences of a genuine conversion to God, and to see him in the year 1767, make a solemn and public profession of religion; when he became an active and useful member of the church, under the pastoral care of Mr. Hart.

Mrs. Hart appears to have now begun to experience the comforts of religion; yet, with such a mixture of doubt and fear respecting her interest in the Divine favor, that she did not venture on a public profession of religion until in the former part of the year 1770: And she was enabled to do

it, then, by renouncing all dependence in her own righteousness and strength, and by relying wholly on the merit and grace of the Redeemer.

The death of her first husband, which also took place this year, as before related, was a severe stroke to her; but, in the midst of her grief, she learned resignation to the will of her God, and with all the pious tenderness and prudence of a Christian mother, she applied herself to the education of her children; the care of which occupied her chief attention during the time of her first widowhood, a term of nearly four years. Her marriage to Mr. Hart met with high approbation not only from the relations and particular friends of the parties, but from the congregation with which they were connected, and from the public at large. The good man rested with complacency in the justness of his choice, when experience had made him most intimately acquainted with her principles, temper, and conduct; and it was evident to others, as well as to himself, that he had found that blessing in a wife, of which Solomon speaks in such exalted strains of commendation. She, on the other hand, manifested toward him the most cordial love, esteem, and veneration. Nor did her affectionate regard terminate with his life—she honored his memory to her dying day.

When Charleston became closely besieged by the British in 1780, Mr. Hart withdrew into the country, being in an infirm state of health; and on the surrender of the city, he retired to the Northern States; where, eventually, he became Pastor of the Baptist Church in Hopewell, New-Jersey.—Mrs. Hart continued in Charleston till August in the following year; and during this time of painful separation from her husband, encountered many difficulties and dangers; and, in a part of it, was reduced to the necessity of teaching a school for her support. She was finally sent to Philadelphia, with others who were not permitted to continue in Charleston. This measure, though dictated by displeasure and resentment, operated as a favor to Mrs. Hart, through the good Providence of God; as it was the means of restoring her to the society of her best earthly friend.

On the death of Mr. Hart in 1795, she retired into private lodgings on a small annuity; for good Mr. Hart had not “laid up treasures upon earth.” And in this mode of living she continued till her return to South-Carolina.



She had one son by Mr. Hart, born in Charleston, which died young; another, born at Hopewell, Mr. William Rogers Hart, who yet lives. This son, a child when his father died, had renewed in the mother's breast, the cares and solicitude which she had felt when first a widow. Attention to his education induced her to remain in the State of New-Jersey, except when on occasional visits to her friends in Philadelphia; among whom the Rev. Doctors Rogers and Staughton, with their families, held a high place in her affectionate regard. But this son, now her only child, having come to South-Carolina, and entered into the state of marriage, she was induced, in the year 1812, to return to her native state, after an absence of more than 30 years.

A year and a few months were now allotted her by the wise, holy Providence of God, to renew her acquaintance with her surviving friends; and to recommend the religion of Jesus Christ to others, by her pious conversation and example. Her time was chiefly spent on the Islands of Edisto and Wadmalaw, at the house of her son, and those of her other relations. At Mr. Hugh Wilson's, where she had been in an infirm state for several months, she was arrested by God's awful messenger, and experienced, as we have abundant reason to believe, a happy transition from the tribulations of time, to rest and glory.

No very alarming symptoms attended her disease till a day or two before her departure. They were, however, sufficiently serious to occasion the attendance of her son; and she had thus an opportunity, which was improved, of expressing the affection, and giving the counsel of a dying mother.

No extraordinary circumstances attended the death of this pious lady. When her disease became violent her senses were so oppressed by it, that she could not exercise them freely, nor communicate readily the views and feelings of her mind. She, however, preserved her usual equanimity, meekness, patience, and resignation to the will of God.

Her faith had long been directed by the Gospel, and fixed on her Redeemer. Her hope was established on the Divine faithfulness and love; and, "as an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast, entered to that which is within the veil."

Mrs. Hart had a fund of good natural sense, which was improved by a decent, useful education; and by reading books of real utility, as well as by hearing the Gospel judiciously preached, and by conversing chiefly (both verbally and by letter) with persons of virtuous, pious, and improved minds. Her correspondence with persons of this character, was considerable.

The writer of this sketch did not enjoy a personal acquaintance with her, till she had nearly reached the meridian of life. He supposes, that she was never considered as standing in the first rank of those, who are celebrated for personal beauty; but as rather handsome than otherwise. She was of a fine engaging presence when turned of thirty-two; modesty and meekness, and a sweetness of disposition, blended with intelligence, beamed in her countenance.

While she possessed the personal attractions proper to her sex, and the moral virtues which render life useful and honorable; piety, existing in an eminent degree, crowned the whole. Her delight was in the law of her God, and in the institutions of his grace. She possessed a well digested knowledge of Gospel truths, which she carefully cultivated. The Redeemer and his salvation were endeared to her.—She aspired to the high honor of holding communion with her God, and of obtaining conformity to his moral excellency. Contemplating this excellency with the seriousness of devotion, and in the light of truth, she was induced to entertain humble thoughts of her own attainments and services. Zeal for the Divine honor fired her heart; so that she rejoiced when the interests of religion were promoted among men, and grieved with unaffected sorrow, when the professors of religion acted an unworthy part, and when the cause of her God suffered. Her piety to God was evidenced by her benevolence to men, good will to all; but cordial affection to the faithful servants of God of every denomination reigned in her soul. To her relations and friends, her heart was expanded with the kindest regard; but strangers, and even enemies, were not excluded from the offices of her benevolence.

In conversation, she was unassuming, candid, entertaining, and instructive; innocently pleasant on proper occa-



sions; but prudent and faithful in embracing suitable opportunities for introducing the important subjects of religion, and recommending them to others with becoming seriousness.

In a word, she was an affectionate, amiable relative; a faithful friend; a useful member of society, civil and religious; and a humble follower of Jesus Christ.

---

EXTRACTS FROM THE REV. DR. COLLYER'S  
LECTURES ON SCRIPTURE FACTS.

LECTURE II.

THE CREATION.

*In the beginning God created the Heavens and the Earth.—*

GENESIS i, 1.

SENSE, Reason, and Faith, may be considered as progressive steps, by which the mind ascends to the invisible God. Creation is an object of Sense. The light which shines upon my path is an emblem of the purity of Deity. The meridian sun is an image of *his* uncreated glory, who is the centre of every system. Whether I gaze upon the heavens, and trace the revolutions of orbs which move there: or follow the eccentric comet through its protracted sphere, so far as it is visible: or examine the insect that flits by me, or the blade of grass upon which I trample—I perceive the operations, and adore the wisdom of the Divinity. His voice speaks in the thunder-storm; and when his lightning bursts from the bosom of the dark cloud, “my flesh trembleth for fear of his judgments.” Fanned with the breath of the morning, or the gale of the evening: standing in this plain, or on that mountain: dwelling on the dry land, or floating on the surface of the deep—I am still with God.

Reason takes up the process where Sense fails. It deduces inferences respecting invisible things from those “which do appear.” Nature waits the mind to the Creator. From its majesty, Reason argues his greatness; from its endless variety, his bounty; from its uses, his wisdom. The foundation of the Temple of Knowledge is laid deep, wide, and lasting on the face of the universe. Reason seizes such materials as Sense can furnish, and carries on the building. But, alas! the edifice remains incomplete! The architect is

skilful, but the materials are scanty. Those which are most essential to crown the work, lie far from this country, beyond the grave. In vain imagination lends her assistance, and attempts to explore the land of spirits, where only they are to be found. Bewildered, exhausted, and powerless, the artist sits down in silent despair.

Here Faith takes up the tools which fell from the hand of Reason. Revelation ascertains all that futurity had concealed; and Faith draws her materials from Revelation. The building rises, and shall continue to rise, till "the top-stone is brought forth with shouting." For "faith is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen."

Sense cannot introduce us to the invisible Majesty of heaven. It can only present us with his image, The pure, ethereal light—the blaze of a noontide sun—the azure heavens and revolving orbs—the mysterious, eccentric comet—the insect curiously wrought, and the grass simply elegant—the thunder-storm—the lightning vivid and irresistible—the morning and evening breeze—the verdant plain, and the elevated mountain—the solid earth, and the rolling seas—these all reflect the glory of Deity, all bear the impress of his hand, all develop his wonderful agency—but they are not *God himself*.

Reason ascends a little higher; and from the volume of nature, through the medium of sense; unfolds a little of the divine nature, and a few of his perfections. His immensity, his wisdom, his liberality, may be inferred from every thing which I behold: but, alas! I am still at a distance from God! What is he to *me*? What does he require? Have I disobeyed the dictates of reason at any time? or neglected to serve him? If so, will he pardon sin? and how am I to receive forgiveness? Neither reason nor sense can answer these enquiries, nor silence the clamors of conscience.

It is faith rising on the wing of revelation that introduces me into the heaven of heavens, unlocks the mystery, and unfolds the seven-sealed book. Here I read the covenant of mercy. Here I receive the promise of pardon. Here I learn all that I would know, and anticipate all that I shall hereafter enjoy. The pressure of the ills of life is lightened; and I "endure as seeing Him who is invisible."



Who can behold the fair structure of the heavens and the earth without feeling a powerful desire to understand their origin, and to be acquainted, in some measure at least, with the architect who reared them? Cold is the heart which kindles not into devotion, when the skies blaze with a thousand lamps; and grovelling the mind, which rises not through the system of the Universe to the Great First Cause! Blind is that understanding which cannot see, amid the vicissitudes of seasons, and the changing blessings of the Spring, the Summer, the Autumn, and the Winter, the superintendence of a faithful friend, and the bounty of an unwearied benefactor! Insensible is that man who can look upon this grand machinery, and live in the bosom of creation, yet perceive no harmony, no order, no loveliness, no design; or upon whom they make no impression! Let the friend of my choice be one who can relish the majesty of nature: who, on the close of the day, from the summit of some lofty mountain, will watch the rising cloud, and observe the evening spread her gray and dusky mantle over the features of the landscape, till they are lost and extinguished: whose eye is fixed with delight on the stars as they break one by one through the increasing obscurity; and who, withdrawing from the world, and penetrating the forest, can rejoice with the laughing scenes around him, and can relish retirement, nor envy the dissipation of life, as he hears its noise swelling on the gale of the evening. The friend of God, and the admirer of nature, is the man whom I would choose as my companion, and love as my own soul.

It is not possible for the spirit of man to be encircled with the present Deity, without enquiring after the fountain of existence. Every thing above us, around us, beneath us—lives. Every clod of earth teems with animation. Every drop of water swarms with animalcules; imperceptible indeed to the naked eye, but plainly visible when the organ of vision receives assistance from art. Probably myriads floating in the air which we breathe, are drawn into the lungs in the act of respiration. Curiosity must stimulate our enquiries, even if we had no other, and no better motives: nor can we examine, without emotions of gratitude, a system in which every thing ministers either to our necessities or to our convenience.



In truth, men of all ages, and at every period of time, have been solicitous to understand their own origin and *that* of things around them. Every power of the mind has been exerted, and no pains has been spared, in attempting to unravel this mystery. The spirit has been overwhelmed with extravagant and clashing hypothesis: or the man has sat down contented with uncertain rumors, and mutilated traditions. The stream of his knowledge rose from the pure and undefiled fountain of revelation; but it gathered pollution from the channels through which it passed, before he stooped to drink its defiled wave. The systems formed by reason, and that suggested by revelation, are each to pass in review; and when they are contrasted, we hope to prove, *that the Mosaic account of the Creation is the only rational one which we have received.*

(To be continued.)

A SERMON, of which the following is the substance, &c. was preached at the Baptist Meeting-House in this city, on the 20th November, 1812, by the Rev. J. J. REIS, of Paris, but latterly a Baptist Missionary from New-York, before a large and respectable Congregation. We have been furnished, at our request, with the Substance of another, also preached by that Rev. Gentleman, making two, to which we alluded in our notice to "Readers and Correspondents," in the last Number. The following is the first in order of time. These sketches were taken by a Young Gentleman of this city, from memory alone; and cannot, therefore, be presumed to be very correct. The leading propositions and deductions, however, are thought to be well preserved. We are flattered, that liberal allowances will be made by our readers.

PROVERBS xiii. xv.

"Good understanding giveth favor, but the way of transgressors is hard."

THIS Proverb, (said he) my Fellow Clay, cannot have been intended to be understood in a moral or natural sense. The understanding here alluded to, is not to be understood as respecting things of the world, but is an understanding of one's own heart, produced by the shedding of Divine light; whereby man seeth his own impurity, and is convinced of the want of that spiritual knowledge of himself, which seems to be a pre-requisite to the receiving of Divine grace into his everlasting soul; for the man who under-



standeth his own heart, will find that the wickedness of it will prevent the salvation of his precious soul, and he will consequently begin to ponder over the means which he shall adopt, in order to effect a change; but, blessed be God, once convinced of his own want of a Saviour, he will not hesitate long, for the Lord proclaimeth unto his people, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest"—Understanding, therefore, the things of God, and the superior claim which they have over those of this world, he exerts all the powers of his nature, to obtain the Divine blessing, whilst God blesseth his undertaking, and is feelingly concerned for the preservation of his never-dying soul.

When a man, then, my dear hearers, is enabled to look into his own heart; when he can see the "beam," which is in his own eye, without feeling more uneasiness about the "moat," which may be in his neighbor's—he is then beginning to be convinced of the necessity of interceding with God, thro' Jesus Christ, for the salvation of his soul.

Be assured, my dear hearers, it is more natural for a man to be concerned for himself, than for his neighbor; and when one appears more interested for the soul of another, than he does for his own, verily he should be distrusted; for the advice which he would give, he derived not from God, but is of the world.

"Good understanding giveth favor"—but in what manner, my dear Fellow Clay, doth it give favor? Do you imagine that it gives you large estates, that you might, like the rich man who refused Lazarus the crumbs of his table, "feast sumptuously every day?" No, no, my dear hearers—the favor which it giveth is not of the world; it is the favor of God—and that which he giveth, is surely worth all the favors of this world, for it endureth forever; whilst the favor of the world is but temporary; and "what doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul."

You have no doubt seen some poor soul, who was desirous of seeking after God, though the evil spirit resisted hardly against him; you have known him, day after day, offering supplications unto God, and yet he seemed to be little the better for it; then it was that the spirit of



God, which giveth a right understanding, had begun working in him, and hard was the resistance of the carnal mind; but finally, as the work of God must ever be completed, the Divine visitings overpowered the carnal propensities, and the soul, which, for a time, seemed tortured with all the effects of conflicting elements, suddenly becomes calm. When such a poor soul is about to experience a change, he often appears to his neighbors like one who is not perfectly in his senses; for he will speak to them in a language that they do not understand, telling them of what curious sensations he had felt within him; how God had thought proper to admonish him for the good of his soul; and yet, somehow or other, he would say, I cannot acquire the grace of God. But, my dear hearers, God never cries, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace." The evil spirit had not yet left him, and the pride of his heart prevented him from asking of God in the right way. But the Lord humbleth the proud heart, and is pleased with a broken spirit; and when he had toiled for a time, behold, the day of harvest came; that blessed day, wherein he was to reap the fruits of his labors. Yes, my dear Fellow Clay, the Lord had watched the dawn of the blessed light in his bosom; he had aided its progress; until, having become cleansed of its vicious propensities, his heart was made the honored receptacle of his Divine grace, where fruits of righteousness sprang up with vigor, withering the hateful weeds of corruption.

But, let me repeat, "Good understanding giveth favor:" Not the favor of the world is meant here, my dear hearers; but the favor of God. It is often the case, that the most wicked in this world are the most prosperous; and you will find, if the wicked enjoy the things of this world, they do not receive favor in the next: And are we not but pilgrims? And is not our residence here but temporary? And who among you, my dear hearers, that would, for the things of this world, which are but as a shadow, resign those substantial blessings which we are taught to hope for in the next? Who would, for a few days of worldly gratification, voluntarily forfeit all claim of mercy from God? Alas! there are too many that know not what they do. Pray, therefore, unceasingly, for that "good understanding" which "giveth favor;" that the Lord may open unto you your



own heart, and learn you the way of truth, and the path that leads to everlasting life.

But God bestoweth favor in this world likewise—Yes, my Fellow Clay, he giveth contentment and peace of mind, and that hope, which is the sure anticipation of future happiness. He giveth, and bountifully too, to all who ask with a pure and zealous heart. The door of mercy, saith he, is open to all—"Seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." But we must have a right understanding of ourselves—we must know the guilt of our heart, before we can pray fervently for its reformation, and for the favor of God: unless we do know and do this, we can expect nothing of him. The carnal mind, my dear hearers, is uncongenial with that spirit of grace which God desireth to implant in poor mortals; the state of a finite being is incompatible with infinitude. Hence the necessity of a change, an entire and full change.

But should a man ask favor of God, and perhaps not receive it as soon as he ask it, is he, therefore, to desist, and say, "I have asked, and yet have not received?" Oh! no, my Fellow Clay, God knoweth the heart—You cannot deceive him, though you may deceive yourselves. He has his appointed day, which will surely come, when he shall reward us all according to the "deeds done in the body."

Men often appear in prayer before God, when the pride of their hearts will not suffer them to ask favor of God in that humbleness of spirit in which they should ask; and yet, poor, sinful souls, they appear not to know why God withholds his blessing: they seem not to know, that he is not human, but divine; that he is not dependent on us, but we on him; for we are his creatures, and the things that we possess are loaned unto us by him; therefore, if the Lord taketh away that which he loaned unto us, we should not murmur, and think hard of it, but bless the name of that great and holy One, "who giveth, and who taketh away."

[*Note.*—The Rev. Gentleman now introduced the second clause of his text, viz. "But the way of transgressors is hard." Mr. —, a notorious drunkard, had taken a conspicuous seat at the commencement, and on the repetition by the Preacher of this clause, had his eyes apparently fixed with attention.]

And is not the way of transgressors hard, my dear Fellow Clay? Cast your eyes, for a moment, upon the drunkard; [the eye of the congregation was upon Mr. — : “it was not fair”]—take a view of him in his domestic retirement; see, perhaps, a fond wife, expressing, even in her countenance, the dreadful apprehensions of starvation; see a group of fond babes crying for parental succor; and then, quick as lightning, see him quit their presence, and hurry away to the tavern, in order to drown his sorrows, as it is called. But, oh! my dear hearers, remember, there is no tavern in hell—there you will find no retreat from misery—and there you shall cry in vain for Lazarus to dip the tips of his fingers in water, to cool your parching tongue.

The profligate, too, who regards nothing but his carnal appetite, abandoned even by his fellow mortal—is not his case hard? Most undoubtedly it is.

Again, in those trifling things called social amusements, you often find your case hard, my dear hearers—disappointment will haunt you. Perhaps you will attend a Ball on one night, and find some one of not so good a character there, when you resolve that you will not go again; but by and by you think of trying it again; when, though you do not find the same person, yet there is some one equally as disagreeable. These disappointments, however trifling, tend to sour the mind, and oftentimes even to overbalance all the pleasures you enjoy. Therefore, my Fellow Clay, learn wisdom now whilst you may. Pray unceasingly for that right understanding of yourselves, which will enable you to change the loathsome propensities of your heart, for that Crown of Righteousness, which is laid up in the mansions of Heaven for the Children of God; which may the Eternal grant for Christ's sake.—Amen.

---

A DESCRIPTION OF THE HIGH PLACES AND IDOLS,  
MENTIONED IN SCRIPTURE.

(Concluded from Page 139)

*Adonis*—the fair Adonis, the son of Binaras, king of Cyprus, by his own daughter Myrrha, with whom the fabulous ancients make the goddesses Venus and Proserpina to fall in love; the last of which carried him into hell, but being moved with the other's tears, gave him to her for one half of



the year, and the other half he remained in hell: which signified no more than that Adonis was the sun, who during the six superior signs of the summer, was with Venus, i. e. in that hemisphere of the earth, which we inhabit; and during the other six inferior signs, with Proserpina, or the inferior hemisphere of the antipodes; however, Adonis and Venus were worshipped by the ancient Phœnicians or Chaldeans. St. Cyril, archbishop of Alexandria, after he had, in his commentaries upon Isaiah, related this fable of Adonis, much to the same purpose, adds, that it was this sort of uncleanness which the Jews imitated, of which Ezekial speaks when he says, the woman lamented Thammuz, that is Adonis, and that the letters and messengers mentioned by Isaiah, were nothing else but the letters and messengers which the cities of Egypt interchangably sent to one another, to give notice that Adonis was found again.

*Astarte*, or *Astarta*, (the same as *Ashtaroth* in the scripture, which signifies sheep or flocks) a heathen goddess to whom Scaligar thinks this name was given, on account of the multitude of her victims, but Sanchoniathon says, she was Venus Urania, or the moon: Bochart makes her to be the *Io* of the Greeks, who was transformed into a cow: Cicero would have her to be Venus; and Suidas after him. But St. Augustin, on the contrary, thinks, that *Astarte* was Juno, which he proves from the judgment of the Carthaginians, who could not be ignorant of the religion of the Phœnicians—"They served Baal and *Astarte*," these are the words of scripture, which that father explains of Jupiter and Juno. Jud. ix, 16.

*Anubis*, a heathenish deity of the Egyptians, pictured with the face of a dog, wrapped up in linen, and holding a palm-branch in one hand, and a caduceus, or Mercury's wand, in the other: he is supposed to be the son of Osiris, and for his extraordinary valor deified by the Egyptians. His worship was translated to the Romans, and highly esteemed by the Emperor Commodus.

They had also a temple erected to Venus, in which they committed all uncleanness. Who can wonder at the severity of God against idolatry? Who can wonder at the folly and weakness of man, which could bow down to such wretched objects of worship?

These are the chief of those mentioned in Scripture, and this short account of them will serve to explain many things in the sacred writings.

## Poetry.

### THE BLIND MAN'S PETITION.

IN IMITATION OF THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

Ah! stay awhile, and sympathize with me,  
 And list the sorrows of a troubled mind;  
 Oh! smooth the thorny couch of misery!  
 For see, I am both wretched, poor, and blind.  
 The loving partner of my breast forlorn,  
 No more can ease the galling yoke of Care.  
 Alas! she fell at Penury's sad dawn,  
 A victim to the cank'ring fiend, Despair.  
 But Heaven deny'd these rolling balls to view  
 The sad emotions of her fleeting breath;  
 For, as I sped to sigh the last adieu,  
 The vivid lightning seal'd my eyes in Death.  
 Forgive the tear. Alas! alas! 'twill flow,  
 An off'ring to her matchless worth consign'd;  
 'Twill ease the burthen of my grief and woe,  
 And stay the impulse of my frantic mind.  
 My friendly cur see pities my distress,  
 And licks the sorrows from my furrow'd cheek:  
 His actions, all his sympathy express;  
 His looks, I ween, are more than words can speak.  
 My sons, supporters of my aged years,  
 With Abercrombie fought, and nobly died:  
 They share the tribute of a country's tears;  
 And have a wretched father's tears beside!  
 Ah! ye, who view the glorious orb of day,  
 And thoughtless join the giddy round of joy;  
 Reflect, as you keep the flow'ry way,  
 That Heaven can all your brightest hopes destroy.  
 I once, like you, was jocund, blith, and young;  
 I too was fed at Luxury's gay board;  
 But Time has chang'd the accents of my tongue,  
 And robb'd my breast of all my heart had stor'd.  
 But, why repine? for Heav'n is just and kind,  
 And moulds the heart in Pity's soft'ning glow;  
 To sooth the anguish of a troubled mind,  
 And ease the bosom, though depress'd with woe!  
 Ah! pity, then, the sorrows of my breast,  
 And lend a friendless, poor Blind Man your mite;  
 And may your rolling years on earth be blest,  
 And, Oh! may Heav'n your Charity requite!